SUMMER.

182

A

POEM.

By JAMES THOMSON.

Jam clarus Occultum Andromedæ Pater
Oſtendit Ignem: Jam Procyon furit
Et Stella veſani Leonis,
Sole Dies referente ſiccos.
Jam Paſtor Umbras cum Grege languido,
Rivúmque feſſus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Sylvani: carétque
Ripa vagis taciturna Ventis. HOR.

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To the Right Honourable

Mr. DODINGTON,

One of the Lords of His Majesty's Treaſury, &c.

SIR,

IT is not my Purpoſe, in this Addreſs, to run into the common Tract of Dedicators, and attempt a Panegyric which would prove *ungrateful* to You, too *arduous* for Me, and *ſuperfluous* with Regard to the World. To You it would prove *ungrateful*, ſince there is a certain ge-

nerous Delicacy in Men of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Merit, diſpoſing Them to avoid thoſe Praiſes They ſo powerfully attract. And when I conſider that a *Character*, in which the VERTUES, the GRACES, and the MUSES join their Influence, as much exceeds the Expreſſion of the moſt elegant and judicious Pen, as the finiſh'd *Beauty* does the Repreſentation of the Pencil, I have the beſt Reaſons for declining ſuch an *arduous* Undertaking. As, indeed, it would be *ſuperfluous* in it ſelf; for what Reader need to be told of thoſe great Abilities in the Management of public Affairs, and thoſe amiable Accompliſhments in private Life, which You ſo eminently poſſeſs. The general Voice is loud in the Praiſe of ſo many Vertues, tho' Poſterity alone will do Them Juſtice. But may You, SIR, live long to illuſtrate your own Fame by your own Actions, and by them

them be tranſmitted to future Times as the BRITISH MÆCENAS!

YOUR Example has recommended POETRY, with the greateſt Grace, to the Admiration of Thoſe, who are engag'd in the higheſt and moſt active Scenes of Life: and this, tho' confeſſedly the leaſt conſiderable of thoſe exalted Qualities that dignify your Character, muſt be particularly pleaſing to *One*, whoſe only Hope of being introduced to your Regard is thro' the Recommendation of an ART in which You are a Maſter.—But I forget what I have been declaring above, and muſt therefore turn my Eyes to the following Sheets. I am not ignorant that, when offered to your Peruſal, they are put into the Hands of one of the fineſt, and conſequently the moſt indulgent Judges of the Age: but as there is no Mediocrity in POE-

TRY,

TRY, ſo there ſhould be no Limits to its Ambition.—I venture directly on the Tryal of my Fame. —If what I here preſent You has any Merit to gain your Approbation, I am not afraid of its Succeſs; and if it fails of your Notice, I give it up to its juſt Fate. This Advantage at leaſt I ſecure to myſelf, an Occaſion of thus publickly declaring that I am, with the profoundeſt Veneration,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted,

humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

N. B. Page 60, Line 7th, for *Summer's* read *Summers.*

SUMMER.

A

POEM.

FROM Southern Climes, where unremitting Day
Burns over Head, illuſtrious SUMMER comes,
In Pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth.

He comes! attended by the ſultry *Hours*,
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his Way;
While, from his ardent Look, the turning SPRING
Averts her bluſhful Face, and Earth, and Skies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haſte into the mid-wood Shade,
Where ſcarce a Sun-Beam wanders thro' the Gloom;
And, on the dark-green Graſs, beſide the Brink
Of haunted Stream, that, by the Roots of Oaks,
Rowls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
And ſing the Glories of the circling Year.

COME, INSPIRATION! from thy Hermit-Seat,
By Mortal ſeldom found: may I preſume
From thy fix'd, ſerious Muſe, and raptur'd Glance

Shot

Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one Look,
Creative of the Poet, every Power
Exalting to an Extaſy of Soul!

WITH what a perfect, World-revolving Power
Were firſt th' unweildy Planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable Void! thus to remain,
Amid the Flux of many thouſand Years,
That oft has ſwept the buſy Race of Men,
And all their labour'd Monuments away,
Unreſting, changeleſs, matchleſs, in their Courſe;
To Day, and Night, and the delightful Round
Of *Seaſons*, faithful; not excentric once:
So pois'd, and perfect, is the vaſt Machine!

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,

And *Cancer* reddens with the Solar Blaze,
Short is th' uncertain Empire of the *Night*;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching *Day*,
The meek-ey'd *Morn* appears, Mother of Dews!
Mildly elucent in the ſtreaky Eaſt;
And, from before the Luſtre of her Face,
White, break the Clouds away. With tardy Step
Brown *Night* retires. Young *Day* pours in a-pace,
And opens all the lawny Proſpect wide.
The dripping Rock, the Mountain's miſty Top,
Swell on the Eye, and brighten with the Dawn.
Blue, thro' the Duſk, the ſmoaking Currents ſhine;
And, from the bladed Field, th' unhunted Hare
Limps aukward: while, along the Foreſt-Glade,
The wild Deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early Paſſenger. Muſick awakes,

The native Voice of undiſſembling Joy;
And thick around the wood-land Hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the Cock, the ſoon-clad Shepherd leaves
His moſſy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives
His Flock, to taſte the Verdure of the Morn.

FALSLY luxurious, will not Man awake,
And ſtarting from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent Hour,
To Meditation due, and ſacred Song!
And is there ought in Sleep can charm the Wiſe?
To lie in dead Oblivion, loſt to all,
Our Natures boaſt of noble, and divine:
Total Extinction of th' enlighten'd Soul!
Or elſe to feaveriſh Vanity alive,

Wilder'd,

Wilder'd, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd Dreams.
Who would in ſuch a gloomy State remain
Longer than Nature craves? When every *Muſe*,
And every blooming *Pleaſure* wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning Walk.

BUT yonder comes the powerful *King* of Day,
Rejoicing in the Eaſt. The leſſening Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brim
Tipt with æthereal Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
Aſlant the Dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
He looks, in boundleſs Majeſty, abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining Day, that, burniſh'd, plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering
Streams,

High-

High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, *Light!*
Of all material Beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent Robe,
Without whoſe veſting Beauty, all were wrapt
In uneſſential Gloom; and Thou, red Sun,
In whoſe wide Circle Worlds of Radiance lie,
Exhauſtleſs Brightneſs! may I ſing of Thee!

WHO would the Bleſſings, firſt and laſt, recount,
That, in a full Effuſion, from Thee flow,
As ſoon might number, at the Height of Noon,
The Rays that radiate from thy cloudleſs Sphere,
An univerſal Glory darting round.

'TIS by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive Force,
As with a Chain, indiſſoluble, bound,

Thy

Thy Syſtem rolls entire; from the far Bourn
Of ſlow-pac'd *Saturn*, to the ſcarce-ſeen Disk
Of *Mercury*, loſt in exceſſive Blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary Train!
Without whoſe vital, and effectual Glance,
They'd be but brute, uncomfortable Maſs,
And not, as now, the green Abodes of Life,
How many Forms of Being wait on Thee,
Inhaling Gladneſs! from th'unfetter'd Mind,
By Thee ſublim'd, to that Day-living Race,
The mixing Myriads of thy evening Beam.

THE vegetable World is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! from whoſe rich-ſtain'd Rays,
Reflected various, various Colours riſe:

The freſhening Mantle of the youthful Year;
The wild Embroidery of the watry Vale;
With all that chears the Eye, and charms the Heart.

THE branching Grove thy luſty Product ſtands,
To quench the Fury of thy Noon-Career;
And crowd a Shade for the retreating Swain,
When on his ruſſet Fields You look direct.

FRUIT is thy Bounty too, with Juice repleté,
Acid, or mild; and from thy Ray receives
A Flavour pleaſing to the Taſte of Man.
By Thee concocted, bluſhes; and by Thee
Fully matur'd, into the verdant Lap
Of *Induſtry*, the mellow Plenty falls.

EXTENSIVE Harveſts wave at thy Command,
And the bright Ear, conſolidate by Thee,
Bends, unwitholding, to the Reaper's Hand.

EVEN *Winter* ſpeaks thy Power, whoſe every Blaſt,
O'ercaſt with Tempeſt, or ſeverely ſharp
With breathing Froſt, is eloquent of Thee,
And makes us languiſh for thy vernal Gleams.

SHOT to the Bowels of the teeming Earth,
The ripening Oar confeſſes all thy Flame.

TH'UNFRUITFUL Rock, itſelf, impregn'd by Thee,
In dark Retirement, forms the *lucid Stone*,
Collected Light, compact! that, poliſh'd bright,
And

And all its native Luſtre let abroad,
Shines proudly on the Boſoms of the Fair!

AT Thee the *Ruby* lights his deepening Glow,
A bleeding Radiance! grateful to the View.
From Thee the *Saphire*, ſolid Æther! takes
His Hue cerulean; and, of evening Tinct,
The Purple-ſtreaming *Amethyſt* is thine.
With thy own Smile the Yellow *Topaz* burns.
Nor deeper Verdure dies the Robe of *Spring*,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the Southern Gale,
Than the green *Emerald* ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick, thro' the whitening *Opal*, play thy Beams;
Or, flying, ſeveral, from his Surface, form
A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,
As the Site changes in the Gazer's Hand.

THE very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
Aſſumes a mimic Life. By Thee refin'd,
In briſker Meaſures, the relucent Stream
Friſks o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
Softens at thy Return. The Deſart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds.
Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,
Seen from ſome pointed Promontory's Top,
Reflects, from every fluctuating Wave,
A Glance, extenſive as the Day. But theſe,
And all the much tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy Beauty, Dignity and Uſe,
Unequal far, great, delegated Source,
Of Life, and Light, and Grace, and Joy below!

How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light,
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From Mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;
Whoſe ſingle Smile has, from the Firſt of Time,
Fill'd, over-flowing, all theſe Lamps of Heaven,
That Beam for ever thro' th' immeaſur'd Sky:
But ſhould He hide his Face, th' aſtoniſh'd Sun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd Stars, would, looſening, reel
Wide, from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet, was every faultering Tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY POET! ſilent in thy Praiſe,
Thy matchleſs Works, in each exalted Line,
And all the full, harmonic Univerſe,
Would tuneful, or expreſſive, Thee atteſt,

The Cauſe, the Glory, and the End of All!

To Me be *Nature*'s Volume, wide, diſplay'd;
And to peruſe the broad, illumin'd Page,
Or haply catching Inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy Paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole Delight; as thro' the falling Glooms,
Penſive, I muſe, or, with the riſing Day,
On *Fancy*'s Eagle-Wing, excurſive, ſoar.

Fierce, flaming up the Heavens, the peircing Sun
Attenuates to Air the high-rais'd Clouds,
And Morning Miſts that hover'd round the Hills,
In Party-colour'd Bands; till, all unveil'd,
The Face of Nature ſhines, from where Earth ſeems Far

Far-ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

HALF in a Bluſh of cluſtering Roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping *Coolneſs* to the Shade retires;
And Tyrant *Heat*, diſpreading thro' the Sky,
By ſharp Degrees, his burning Influence rains
On Man, and Beaſt, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

WHO can, unpitying, ſee the flowery Race,
Shed by the Morn, their new-fluſh'd Bloom reſign,
Before th' unbating Beam! So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro' their azure Veins.
But One, *the Follower of the Sun*, They ſay,
Sad, when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow Leaves,
Weeping all Night; and when He, warm, returns,
Points her enamour'd Boſom to his Ray.

HOME, from his Morning Task, the Swain retreats,
His Flock before Him ſtepping to the Fold;
While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
The chearful Cottage then expecting Food,
The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
The Rook, and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks,
That the calm Village, in their verdant Arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy Flight;
Where, on the mingling Boughs, they ſit embower'd,
All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the homely Fowls convene;
And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,
The Houſe-Dog, with th'employleſs Grey-Hound, lies,
Outſtretch'd, and ſleepy: in his Slumbers One
Attacks the nightly Thief, and One exults

O'er

O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Waſp,
They bootleſs ſnap. Nor ſhall the Muſe diſdain
To let the little, noiſy Summer-Race
Live in her Lay, and flutter thro' her Song,
Not mean tho' ſimple; to the Sun ally'd,
From Him their high Deſcent, direct, They draw.

WAK'D by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
Lighter, and full of Life. From every Chink,
And ſecret Corner, where they ſlept away
The wintry Glooms, by Myriads, all at once,
Swarming, they pour: green, ſpeckled, yellow, grey,
Black, azure, brown; more than th'aſſiſted Eye
Of poring *Virtuoſo* can diſcern.
Ten thouſand Forms! Ten thouſand different Tribes!

People the Blaze. To ſunny Waters ſome
By fatal Inſtinct fly; where, on the Pool,
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the Stream,
Are ſnatch'd, immediate, by the ſpringing Trout,
Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-Wood Glade
Delight to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the freſh Leaf. Luxurious, others make
The Meads their Choice, and viſit every Flower,
And every latent Herb; but careful ſtill
To ſhun the Mazes of the ſounding Bee,
As o'er the Blooms He ſweeps. Some to the Houſe,
The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight;
Sip round the Pail, or taſte the curdling Cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling Stream
They're pierc'd to Death; or, weltering in the Bowl,
With powerleſs Wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief, to heedleſs Flies the Window proves
A conſtant Death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The Villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled Heap
Of Carcaſſes, in eager Watch, He ſits,
Surveying all his waving Snares around.
Within an Inch the dreadleſs Wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the Ruffian ſhows his Front.
The Prey at laſt enſnar'd, He, dreadful, darts,
With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line;
And, fixing in the Fly his cruel Fangs,
Strides backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering Wing,
And ſhriller Sound declare extream Diſtreſs,
And ask the helping, hoſpitable Hand.

ECCHOES the living Surface of the Earth;

Nor undelightful is the humming Sound
To Him who muſes, thro' the Woods, at Noon;
Or drowſy Shepherd, as He lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade
Of Willows grey, cloſe-crowding o'er the Brook.

LET no preſuming, impious Railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if ought was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable Ends.
Shall little, haughty *Ignorance* pronounce
His Works unwiſe; of which, the ſmalleſt Part
Exceeds the narrow Viſion of his Mind!
So on the Concave of a ſounding Dome,
On ſwelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!
Wanders a critic Fly; his feeble Ray
Extends an Inch around; yet, blindly bold,

He dares diſlike the Structure of the Whole.
And lives the Man, whoſe univerſal Eye
Has ſwept, at once, th' unbounded Scheme of
Things;
Mark'd their Dependance ſo, and firm Accord,
As, with unfaultering Accent, to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty Chain of Beings, leſſening down
From infinite Perfection to the Brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, deſolate Abyſs!
Recoiling giddy Thought: or with ſharp Glance,
Such as remotely wafting Spirits uſe,
Survey'd the Glories of the little World?
Till then, alone, let zealous Praiſe aſcend,
And Hymns of heavenly Wonder, to that POWER,
Whoſe Wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our Minds,

As on our ſmiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

THICK, in yon Stream of Light, a Thouſand Ways,
Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering Kingdoms ſport; with Tempeſt-Wing,
Till *Winter* ſweeps them from the Face of Day:
Even ſo luxurious Men, unheeding, paſs
An idle, Summer Life, in Fortune's Shine,
A Seaſon's Glitter! In ſoft-circling Robes,
Which the hard Hand of Induſtry has wrought,
The human *Inſects* glow; by *Hunger* fed,
And chear'd by toiling *Thirſt*, They rowl about
From Toy to Trifle, Vanity to Vice;
Till blown away by *Death*, *Oblivion* comes
Behind

Behind, and ſtrikes Them from the Book of *Life*.

'TIS raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Shoots, thro' th' expanding Air, a torrid Gleam.
O'er Heaven, and Earth, far, as the darted Eye
Can pierce, a dazzling Deluge reigns; and all,
From Pole to Pole, is undiſtinguiſh'd Blaze.
Down to the duſty Earth the Sight, oe'r-power'd,
Stoops for Relief; but thence aſcending Steams,
And keen Reflection pain. Burnt to the Heart
Are the refreſhleſs Fields; their arid Hue
Adds a new Fever to the ſickening Soul:
And, o'er their ſlippery Surface, wary, treads
The Foot of thirſty Pilgrim, often dipt
In a croſs Rill, preſenting to his Wiſh
A living Draught, He feels before He drinks!

No more the Woods return the ſandy Sound
Of ſharpening Sithe: the Mower, ſinking, heaps
O'er Him the tedded Hay, with Flowers perfum'd;
And ſcarce a chirping Graſhopper is heard
Thro' all the Mead. Diſtreſsful Nature pants.
The Deſart ſinges; and the ſtubborn Rock,
Split to the Centre, ſweats at every Pore.
The very Streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' the fervid Glade, impetuous, hurl
Into the Shelter of the crackling Grove.

PREVAILING Heat! oh intermit thy Wrath!
And on my aking Temples, potent, thus
Beam not ſo hard! — Inceſſant, ſtill You flow;
And ſtill another fervent Flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the Head profuſe— In vain I groan,

And,

And, reſtleſs, turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.
Who ſhall endure! — The too reſplendent Scene
Already darkens on the dizzy Eye;
And double Objects dance: unreal Sounds
Sing round the Ears: a Weight of ſultry Dew
Hangs, deathful, on the Limbs: ſhiver the Nerves:
The ſupple Sinews ſink; and on the Heart,
Miſgiving, *Horror* lays his heavy Hand.
Thrice happy He! who, on the Sunleſs Side
Of a romantic Mountain, Forreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:
Or in the gelid Caverns, Woodbine-wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting Streams,
Sits cooly calm; while all the World without,
Unſatisfy'd, and ſick, toſſes in Noon.

Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd Mind ſerene, and pure,
And all his Paſſions aptly harmoniz'd,
Amidſt a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
With Aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the Steep!
Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
As to the hunted Hart the ſallying Spring,
Or Stream full-flowing, that his ſwelling Sides
Laves, as He floats along the Herbag'd Brink.
Cold, thro' the Nerves, your pleaſing Comforts glide;
The Heart beats glad: the miſty Eyes refulge:
The Ears reſume their Watch: the Sinews knit;
And Life ſhoots ſwift thro' every active Limb.

ALL

ALL in th' adjoining Brook, that ſhrills along
The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
Now ſcarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden Stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain,
A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compoſe,
Rural Confuſion! On the graſſy Bank
Some ruminating lie; while Others ſtand
Half in the Flood, and, often bending, ſip
The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
The ſtrong, laborious Ox, of honeſt Front,
Which, incompos'd, He ſhakes; and from his Sides
The buſy Inſects laſhes with his Tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his Subjects ſafe,
Slumbers the Monarch-Swain; his careleſs Arm
Thrown round his Head on downy Moſs ſuſtain'd;

Here laid his Scrip, with wholeſome Viands fill'd;
And there his Sceptre-Crook, and watchful Dog.

LIGHT, fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight
Of angry Hornets faſten on the Herd,
That, ſtartling, ſcatters from the ſhallow Brook,
In ſearch of laviſh Stream. Toſſing the Foam,
They ſcorn the Keeper's Voice, and ſcour the Plain,
Thro' all the bright Severity of Noon;
While, from their labouring Breaſts, a hollow Moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

OFT in this Seaſon too the Horſe provok'd,
While his big Sinews, full of Spirits, ſwell,
Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,
Springs the high Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,

Darts

Darts on the gloomy Flood, with ſteady Eye,
And Heart eſtrang'd to Fear: his nervous Cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!
Bears down th'oppoſing Stream: quenchleſs his Thirſt,
He takes the River at redoubled Draughts;
And, with wide Noſtrils, ſnorting, skims the Wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight Depth
Of yonder Grove, of wildeſt, largeſt Growth;
That, high embowering in the middle Air,
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and ſlow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful, ſilent Gloom around.

THESE are the Haunts of Meditation, theſe

The

The Scenes where antient Bards th'inſpiring Breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd,
Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
On heavenly Errands bent——To ſave the Fall
Of Vertue, ſtruggling on the Brink of Vice;
In waking Whiſpers, and repeated Dreams,
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul,
For future Tryals, fated, to prepare;
To prompt the Poet, who, devoted, gives
His Muſe to better Themes; to ſooth the Pangs
Of dying Saints; and, from the Patriot's Breaſt,
Backward to mingle in deteſted War,
But foremoſt when engag'd, to turn the *Death*;
And numberleſs ſuch Offices of Love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous, to perform.

SHOOK

SHOOK, ſudden, from the Boſom of the Air,
A thouſand Shapes, or glide athwart the Dusk,
Or ſtalk, majeſtic, on: harrow'd, I feel
A ſacred Terror, and ſevere Delight,
Creep thro' my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,
Thoſe hollow Accents, floating on my Ear,
Pronounce, diſtinct—"Be not of Us afraid,
" Poor, kindred Man, thy fellow Creatures, We
" From the ſame bounteous POWER our Beings
" drew,
" The ſame our Lord, and Laws, and great Purſuit!
" Once, ſome of Us, like Thee, thro' ſtormy Life
" Toil'd, Tempeſt-beaten, ere We could attain
" This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
" Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
" Then fear not Us; but, with commutual Song,
" Oft

" Oft, in theſe dim Receſſes, undiſturb'd
" By noiſy *Folly*, and diſcordant *Vice*,
" Of Nature ſing with Us, and Nature's GOD.
" And, frequent, at the middle Waſte of Night,
" Or, all Day long, in Deſarts *ſtill*, are heard,
" Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-
" Sky,
" Around, or underneath, aerial Sounds,
" Sent from angelic Harps, and Voices join'd;
" A Happineſs beſtow'd by Us, alone,
" On *Contemplation*, or the hallow'd Ear
" Of *Poet*, ſwelling to ſeraphic Strain.

THUS up the Mount, in viſionary Muſe
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the Stun
Of a near Fall of Water every Senſe
Wakes

Wakes from the Charm of Thought: Swift,
ſhrinking back,
I ſtand aghaſt, and view the broken Scene.

LIKE one who flows in Joy, when, all at once,
Misfortune hurls Him down the Hill of Life,
Smooth, to the giddy Brink a lucid Stream
Rolls, unſuſpecting, till, ſurpris'd, 'tis thrown,
In looſe Meanders, thro' the trackleſs Air;
Now a blue watry Sheet, anon, diſpers'd,
A hoary Miſt, then, gather'd in again,
A darted Stream, aſlant the hollow Rock,
This Way, and that tormented, daſhing thick,
From Steep to Steep, with wild, infracted Courſe,
And, reſtleſs, roaring to the humble Vale.

With the rough Proſpect tir'd, I turn my Eyes
Where, in long *Viſto*, the ſoft-murmuring Main
Darts a green Luſtre, trembling, thro' the Trees;
Or to yon Silver-ſtreaming Threads of Light,
A ſhowery Beauty beaming thro' the Boughs.
Invited from the Rock, to whoſe dark Cliff
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending Eagle ſoars,
With upward Pinions, thro' th'attractive Gleam;
And, giving full his Boſom to the Blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the feathery Race,
Smote by afflictive Noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep, in the Thicket; or, from Bower to Bower,
Reſponſive, force an interrupted Strain.
The Wood-Dove, only, in the Centre, coos,
Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his Plaint,
Short Interval of weary Woe! again,

The

The ſad Idea of his murder'd Mate,
Struck from his Side by ſavage Fowler's Guile,
Acroſs his Fancy comes; and then reſounds
A louder Song of Sorrow thro' the Grove.

BESIDE the dewy Border let Me ſit,
All in the Freſhneſs of the humid Air;
There, on that Rock, by *Nature's* Chiſſel carv'd,
An ample Chair, moſs-lin'd, and over Head
With weaving Umbrage hung; thro' which the Bee
Strays, diligent; and, with th'extracted Sweet
Of Honey-Suckle, loads his little Thigh.

AND what a pleaſing Proſpect lies around!
Of Hills, and Vales, and Woods, and Lawns, and
Spires

And Towns betwixt, and gilded Streams! till all
The ſtretching Landskip into Smoak decays.

HAPPY BRITANNIA! where the Queen of Arts,
Inſpiring Vigour, LIBERTY, abroad,
Walks thro' the Land of Heroes, unconfin'd,
And ſcatters Plenty with unſparing Hand.

RICH is thy Soil, and merciful thy Skies;
Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought:
Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks: thy Vallies float
With golden Waves; and on thy Mountains Flocks
Bleat, numberleſs: while, roving round their Sides,
Bellow the blackening Herds, in luſty Droves.
Beneath, thy Meadows flame, and riſe unquell'd,
Againſt the Mower's Sythe. On every Hand,

Thy

Thy *Villas* ſhine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;
And *Property* aſſures it to the Swain,
Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his certain Toil.

FULL are thy Cities with the Sons of Art;
And Trade, and Joy, in every buſy Street,
Mingling, are heard: even *Drudgery*, Himſelf,
As at the Car He ſweats, or, duſty, hews
The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crowded Ports,
Where riſing Maſts an endleſs Proſpect yield,
With Labour burn, and eccho to the Shouts
Of hurry'd Sailor, as He, hearty, waves
His laſt Adieu, and, looſening every Sheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading Veſſel to the Wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,
By Hardſhip ſinew'd, and by Danger fir'd,
Scattering the Nations where They go; and firſt,
Or on the liſted Plain, or wintry Seas.
Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Arts
Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preſide;
In Genius, and ſubſtantial Learning high;
For every Vertue, every Worth renown'd,
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind,
Yet like the muſtering Thunder when provok'd;
The Scourge of Tyrants, and the ſole Reſource
Of ſuch as under grim Oppreſſion groan.

HENCE may'ſt Thou boaſt a *Bacon*, and a *More*;
Nor ceaſe to vie Them with the nobleſt Names
Of

Of ancient Times, or Patriot, or Sage.
And for the Strength, and Elegance of Truth,
A *Barrow*, and a *Tillotſon* are thine:
A *Locke*, inſpective into human Minds,
And all *th' unnotic'd World* that paſſes there.
Nor be thy *Boyle* forgot; who, while He liv'd,
Seraphic, ſought TH' ETERNAL thro' his Works,
By ſure Experience led; and, when He dy'd,
Still bid his *Bounty* argue for his GOD,
Worthy of Riches He! — But what needs more —
Let comprehenſive *Newton* ſpeak thy Fame,
In all Philoſophy. For ſolemn Song
Is not wild *Shakeſpear* Nature's Boaſt, and thine!
And every greatly amiable *Muſe*
Of elder Ages in thy *Milton* met!
His was the Treaſure of Two Thouſand Years,

Seldom

Seldom indulg'd to Man, a God-like Mind,
Unlimited, and various, as his Theme;
Aſtoniſhing as *Chaos*; as the Bloom
Of blowing *Eden* fair; ſoft as the Talk
Of our *grand Parents*, and as *Heaven* ſublime.

And ſhould I northward turn my filial Eye,
Beyond the *Tweed*, pure Parent-Stream! to where
The hyperborean Ocean, furious, foams
O'er *Orca*, or *Betubium*'s higheſt Peak,
Rapt, I might ſing thy *Caledonian* Sons,
A gallant, warlike, unſubmitting Race!
Nor leſs in *Learning* vers'd, *ſoon* as He took
Before the Gothic Rage his Weſtern Flight;
Wiſe in the Council, at the Banquet gay:
The Pride of Honour burning in their Breaſts.

And

And Glory, not to their own Realms confin'd,
But into foreign Countries ſhooting far,
As over *Europe* burſts the *Boreal Morn.*

May my Song ſoften as, thy Daughters, I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for Beauty is their own,
And Elegance, and Taſte: the faultleſs Form,
Shap'd by the Hand of *Harmony:* the Cheek,
Where the live Crimſon, thro' the native White,
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the Face diffuſes Bloom,
And every nameleſs Grace: the parted Lip,
Like the red Roſe-Bud moiſt with morning Dew,
Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
Or ſunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,
The Neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling Breaſt:
The Look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the Soul,

And by the Soul inform'd, when, dreſt in Love,
She ſits, ſweet-ſmiling, in the lovely Eye.

ISLAND of Bliſs! amid the Subject Seas,
That thunder round thy rocky Coaſts, ſet up,
At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight
Of diſtant Nations; whoſe remoteſt Shore
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval Arm,
Not to be ſhook Thy ſelf, but all Aſſaults
Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O THOU, by whoſe almighty *Nod*, the Scale
Of Empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving VERTUES round the Land,
In bright Patrol: white *Peace*, and ſocial *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent

On

On gentle Deeds, and ſhedding Tears thro' Smiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound *Temperance*,
Healthful in Heart and Look; clear *Chaſtity*,
With Bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep Regard ſhe draws;
Rough *Induſtry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:
While, in the radiant Front, ſuperiour, ſhines
That firſt, paternal Vertue, *public Zeal*,
Who caſts o'er all an equal, wide Survey,
And ever muſing on the Common Weal,
Still labours, glorious, with ſome brave Deſign.

THUS far, tranſported by my Country's Love,
Nobly digreſſive from my Theme, I've aim'd

To ſing her Praiſes, in ambitious Verſe;
While, ſlightly to recount, I ſimply meant,
The various Summer-Horrors, which infeſt
Kingdoms that ſcorch below ſeverer Suns:

KINGDOMS, on which, direct, the Flood of Day,
Oppreſſive, falls, and gives the gloomy Hue,
And Feature groſs; or worſe, to ruthleſs Deeds,
Wan Jealouſy, red Rage, and fell Revenge,
Their haſty Spirits prompts. Ill-fated Race!
Altho' the Treaſures of the Sun be theirs,
Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
Whence, over Sands of Gold, the *Niger* rolls
His amber Wave; while on his balmy Banks,
Or in the Spicy, *Abyſſinian* Vales,

The

The Citron, Orange, and Pomegranate drink
Intolerable Day, yet, in their Coats,
A cooling Juice contain. Peaceful, beneath,
Leans the huge Elephant, and, in his Shade,
A Multitude of beauteous Creatures play;
And Birds, of bolder Note, rejoice around.

AND oft amid their aromatic Groves,
Touch'd by the Torch of Noon, the gummy Bark,
Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky Wreath.
Inſtant, ſo ſwift the ruddy Ruin ſpreads,
A Cloud of Incenſe ſhadows all the Land;
And, o'er a thouſand, thundering Trees, at once,
Riots, with lawleſs Rage, the running Blaze:
But chiefly, if fomenting Winds aſſiſt,
And, doubling, blend the circulating Waves

Of

Of Flame tempeſtuous, or, directly on,
Far-ſtreaming, drives Them thro' the Foreſt's Length.

BUT other Views await — where Heaven above,
Glows like an Arch of Braſs; and all below,
The Earth a Maſs of ruſty Iron lies,
Of Fruits, and Flowers, and every Verdure ſpoilt,
Barren, and bare, a joyleſs, weary Waſte,
Thin-cottag'd, and, in Time of trying Need,
Abandon'd by the vaniſh'd Brook, like One
Of fading Fortune by his treacherous Friend.

SUCH are thy horrid Deſarts, *Barca*, ſuch,
Zaara, thy hot, interminable Sands,
Continuous, riſing often with the Blaſt,
Till the Sun ſees no more; and unknit Earth,
Shook

Shook by the South into the darken'd Air,
Falls, in new, hilly Kingdoms, o'er the Waſte.

'TIS here, that *Thirſt* has fix'd his dry Domain,
And walks his wide, malignant Round, in ſearch
Of Pilgrim loſt; or, on the * *Merchant*'s Tomb,
Triumphant, ſits, who, for a ſingle Cruiſe
Of unavailing Water paid ſo dear:
Nor could the Gold his hard Aſſociate ſave.

HERE the green Serpent gathers up his Train,
In Orbs immenſe, then darting out anew,
Progreſſive, rattles thro' the wither'd Brake;

* *In the Deſart of* Araoan, *are two Tombs with Inſcriptions on Them, importing that the Perſons there interr'd were a rich Merchant, and a poor Carrier, who both died of Thirſt; and that the Former had given to the Latter Ten Thouſand Ducats for one Cruiſe of Water.*

And

And lolling, frightful, guards the ſcanty Fount,
If Fount there be: or, of diminiſh'd Size,
But mighty Miſchief, on th'unguarded Swain
Steals, full of Rancour. Here the ſavage Race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading Hour of Blood,
And foul Miſdeed, when the pure Day has ſhut
His ſacred Eye. The rabid Tyger, then,
The fiery Panther, and the whisker'd Pard,
Beſpeckl'd fair, the Beauty of the Waſte,
In dire Divan, ſurround their *ſhaggy King*,
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the burning Sand,
With planted Step; while an obſequious Crowd,
Of grinning Forms, at humble Diſtance wait.
Theſe, all together join'd, from darkſome Caves,
Where, o'er gnaw'd Bones, They ſlumber'd out the Day,

By

By ſupreme Hunger ſmit, and Thirſt intenſe,
At once, their mingling Voices raiſe to Heaven;
And, with imperious, and repeated Roars,
Demanding Food, the Wilderneſs reſounds,
From *Atlas* eaſtward to the frighted *Nile*.

UNHAPPY He! who, from the firſt of Joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone,
Amid this World of Death. Ceaſeleſs, He ſits,
Sad, on the rocky Eminence, and views
The rowling Main, that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming, in the fartheſt Verge,
Where the blue Æther mixes with the Wave,
Ships, dim-diſcover'd, dropping from the Clouds.
At Evening, to the ſetting Sun He turns
A watry Eye, and down his dying Heart

Sinks, helpleſs; while the wonted Roar is up,
And Hiſs, continual, thro' the tedious Night.

YET here, even here, into theſe black Abodes
Of Monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping *Rome*,
VII And haughty *Cæſar*, *Liberty* retir'd,
With *Cato* leading thro' *Numidian* Wilds:
Diſdainful of *Campania*'s fertile Plains,
And all the green Delights of *Italy*,
When, for Them, ſhe muſt bend the ſervile Knee,
And, fawning, take the Bleſſings once her own.

WHAT need I mention thoſe inclement Skies,
Where, frequent, o'er the ſickening City, *Plague*,
The fierceſt Son of *Nemeſis divine!*
Collects a cloſe, incumbent Night of Death,

Unin-

Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome Breeze, and ſtain'd
With many a Mixture, by the Sun ſuffus'd,
Of angry Aſpect. Princely *Wiſdom*, then,
Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand
Of drooping *Juſtice*, ineffectual, falls
The Sword, and Ballance. Mute the Voice of Joy;
And huſh'd the Clamour of the buſy World.
Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad,
And rang'd, at open Noon, by Beaſts of Prey,
And Birds of bloody Beak: while, all Night long,
In ſpotted Troops, the recent Ghoſts complain,
Demanding but the covering Grave. Mean time,
Lock'd is the deaf Door to Diſtreſs; even Friends,
And Relatives, endear'd for many a Year,
Savag'd by Woe, forget the ſocial Tye,

The bleſt Engagement of the yearning Heart;
And ſick, in Solitude, ſucceſſive, die,
Untended, and unmourn'd. And, to compleat
The Scene of Deſolation, wide around,
Denying all Retreat, the grim Guards ſtand,
To give the flying Wretch a better Death.

MUCH of the Force of foreign *Summer*'s ſtill,
Of growling Hills, that ſhoot the pillar'd Flame,
Of Earthquake, and pale Famine, could I ſing;
But equal Scenes of Horror call Me Home.

FOR now, ſlow-ſettling, o'er the lurid Grove,
Unuſual Darkneſs broods; and, growing, gains
The whole Poſſeſſion of the Air, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful Vapour, from the damp Abrupt,

Where

- Where ſleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, Vitriol, on the Day
Stream, and fermenting in yon baleful Cloud,
Extenſive o'er the World, a reddening Gloom!
In dreadful Promptitude to ſpring, await
The high Command. A boding Silence reigns
Thro' all the dun Expanſe, ſave the dull Sound,
That, from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
Rowls o'er the trembling Earth, diſturbs the Flood,
And ſtirs the Forreſt-Leaf without a Breath.
- Prone, to the loweſt Vale, th' aerial Tribes
Deſcend: the Tempeſt-loving Raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze
The Cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling Heavens
Caſt a deploring Eye, by Man forſook,
Who to the crowded Cottage hies Him faſt,

Or

Or ſeeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

'Tis dumb Amaze, and liſtening Terror all;
When, to the quicker Eye, the livid Glance
Appears, far South, emiſſive thro' the Cloud;
And, by the powerful Breath of God inflate,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous Voice,
At firſt low-muttering; but, at each Approach,
The Lightnings flaſh a larger Curve, and more
The Noiſe aſtounds: till, over Head, a Sheet
Of various Flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts
And opens wider, ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping Æther in a Blaze.
Follows the looſen'd, aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing Heaven, and Earth.

DOWN comes a Deluge of ſonorous Hail,
In the white, heavenly Magazines congeal'd;
And often fatal to th'unſhelter'd Head
Of Man, or rougher Beaſt. The ſluicy Rain,
In one unbroken Flood, deſcends; and yet
Th' unconquerable Lightning ſtruggles thro',
Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
And ſtrikes the Shepherd, as He, ſhuddering, ſits,
Preſaging Ruin, in the rocky Clift.
His inmoſt Marrow feels the gliding Flame;
He dies——and, like a Statue grim'd with Age,
His live, dejected Poſture ſtill remains;
His Ruſſet ſing'd, and rent his hanging Hat;
Againſt his Crook his ſooty Cheek reclin'd;
While, whining at his Feet, his half-ſtun'd Dog,
Importunately kind, and fearful, pats

On his inſenſate Maſter, for Relief.

BLACK, from the Stroak, above, the Mountain-
Pine,
A leaning, ſhatter'd Trunk, ſtands ſcath'd to Heaven,
The Talk of future Ages! and, below,
A lifeleſs Groupe the blaſted Cattle lie.
Here, the ſoft Flocks, with that ſame harmleſs
Look,
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill,
In *Fancy*'s Eye; and there, the frowning Bull,
And Ox half-rais'd. A little farther, burns
The guiltleſs Cottage; and the haughty Dome
Stoops to the Baſe. Th'uprooted Forreſt flies
Aloft in Air, or, flaming out, diſplays
The ſavage Haunts, by Day unpierc'd before.

Scar'd

VIII Scar'd is the Mountains Brow; and, from the Cliff,
Tumbles the ſmitten Rock. The Deſart ſhakes,
And gleams, and grumbles, through his deepeſt Dens.

Now ſwells the Triumph of the Virtuous Man;
And this outrageous, elemental Fray,
To Him, a dread Magnificence appears,
The Glory of that POWER He calls his *Friend*,
Sole honourable Name!—But Woe to Him,
Who, of infuriate Malice, and confirm'd
In Vice long-practis'd, is a Foe to Man
His Brother, and at Variance with his GOD.
He thinks the Tempeſt weaves around his Head;
Loudens the Roar to Him, and in his Eye

The blueſt Vengeance glares. Th'Oppreſſor, who,
Unpitying, heard the Wailings of *Diſtreſs*,
Gall'd by his Scourge, now ſhrinks at other Sounds.
Hid are the *Neroes* of the Earth — in vain,
Like Children hid in Sport. Chief, in the Breaſt
Of ſolitary Atheiſt, Wildneſs reigns,
Licentious; vaniſh'd every quaint Conceit,
And impious Jeſt, with which He us'd to pelt
Superiour Reaſon; Anguiſh in his Look,
And Supplication lifts his Hand. He'd pray;
If his hard Heart would flow. At laſt He runs,
Precipitant, and entering juſt the Cave,
The Meſſenger of Juſtice, glancing, comes,
With ſwifter Sweep, behind, and trips his Heel.

AND yet not always on the guilty Head
Falls the devoted Flaſh. Young *Celadon*,
And his *Amelia*, an unrival'd Twain!
With equal Vertue form'd, and equal Grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their Sex alone;
Hers the mild Luſtre of th'unfolding Morn,
And his the Radiance of the riſen Day.

THEY lov'd — but ſuch their guileleſs Paſſion was,
As, in the Dawn of Time, alarm'd the Heart
Of *Innocence*, and undiſſembling *Truth*.
'Twas Friendſhip, heighten'd by the mutual Wiſh,
Th'enchanting Hope, and ſympathetic Glow,
Struck from the charmful Eye. Devoting all
To Love, Each was to Each a dearer Self!
Supremely happy in th'awaken'd Power

Of giving Joy! Alone, amid the Shades,
Still, in angelic Intercourſe, They liv'd
The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
Or ſigh'd, and look'd unutterable Things!

THUS paſs'd their Life, a clear, united Stream,
By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour,
The Tempeſt caught Them on the tender Walk,
Heedleſs how far. Her Breaſt, preſageful, heav'd
Unwonted Sighs, and ſtealing oft a Look
Of the big Gloom, on *Celadon* her Eye
Fell tearful, wetting all her glowing Cheek.
In vain aſſuring Love, and Confidence
In Heaven repreſs'd her Fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her Frame near Diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal Conflict, and, as Angels look

On

On dying Saints, his Eyes Compaſſion ſhed,
Mingl'd with matchleſs Love. — "Fear not, He ſaid,
" Fair Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,
" And inward Storm! HE, who enwraps yon Skies
" In Frowns of Darkneſs, ever ſmiles on Thee,
" With full Regard. O'er Thee the ſecret Shaft
" That waſtes at Midnight, or th' undreaded Hour
" Of Noon, flies hurtleſs: and that very Voice,
" Which thunders Terror thro' the Sinner's Heart,
" With Tongues of Seraphs whiſpers Peace to thine.
" 'Tis Safety to be near Thee ſure, and thus
" To claſp Perfection! — From his void Embrace,
Myſterious Heaven! that Moment, in a Heap
Of pallid Aſhes, fell the beauteous Maid.
But who can paint the Lover, as He ſtood,
Struck by ſevere Amazement, hating Life,

Speechleſs, and fixt in all the Death of Woe!
So, faint Reſemblance! on the Marble-Tomb
The well-diſſembl'd Mourner, ſtooping, ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

HEARD indiſtinct, the far-off Thunder peals;
From ſuffering Earth, commiſſion'd o'er the Main,
Where the black Tempeſt, preſſing on the Pool,
Heaves the dead Billows to the burſting Clouds.
Dire is the Fate of Thoſe, who, reeling high,
From Wave to Wave, even at the very Source
Of Lightning, feel th'undiſſipated Flame;
Or, ſhould They in a watry Vale eſcape,
If, on their Heads, the forceful *Spout* deſcends,
And drives the dizzy Veſſel down the Deep,
Till in the oozy Bottom ſtuck, profound,

As from the Face of Heaven, each ſhatter'd
Cloud,
Tumultuous, roves, th'unfathomable Blue,
That conſtant Joy to every finer Eye,
That Rapture! ſwells into the general Arch,
Which copes the Nations.—On the lilly'd Bank,
Where a Brook quivers, often, careleſs, thrown,
Up the wide Scene I've gaz'd whole Hours away,
With growing Wonder, while the Sun declin'd,
As now, forth-breaking from the blotting Storm.

NATURE ſhines out; and, thro' the lighten'd
Air,
A higher Luſtre, and a clearer Calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; and, as if in ſign
Of Danger paſt, a glittering Face of Joy,

Set

Set off, abundant, by the level Ray,
Inveſts the Earth, yet weeping from Diſtreſs.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,
Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.
And ſhall the Hymn be marr'd by thankleſs Man,
Moſt-favour'd, who, with Voice articulate,
Should lead the Chorus of this lower World!
Shall He, ſo ſoon, forgetful of the paſt,
After the Tempeſt, puff his tranſient Vows,
And a new Dance of Vanity begin,
Scarce ere the Pant forſakes his feeble Heart!

Chear'd by the ſetting Beam, the ſprightly Youth
Speeds to the well-known Pool, whoſe chryſtal Depth

A ſandy Bottom ſhows. A-while He ſtands,
Gazing th'inverted Landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue Profound below;
Till diſenchanted by the ruffling Gale,
He plunges headlong down the cloſing Flood.
His ebon Treſſes, and his roſy Cheek
Inſtant emerge; and, thro' the glaſſy Wave,
At each ſhort Breathing, by his Lip repell'd,
With Arms, and Legs, according well, He makes,
As Humour leads, an eaſy-winding Path:
While, from his ſnowy Sides, a humid Light
Effuſes on the pleas'd Spectators round.

THIS is the pureſt Exerciſe of Health,
The great Refreſher of the Summer-Heats;
Nor, when, the Brook pellucid, Winter keens,

Would I, weak-ſhivering, linger on the Brink.
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd
By the bold Swimmer, in the ſwift Illapſe
Of Accident diſaſtrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force; and that ſame *Roman* Arm,
Which ſtretch'd, victorious, oe'r the conquer'd Earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the Wave.
Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind,
Strictly ally'd, receives a ſecret Aid.

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the Verge of Day. The riſing Clouds,
That ſhift, perpetual, in his vivid Train,
Their dewy Mirrors, numberleſs, oppos'd,
Unfold the hidden Riches of his Ray,

And

And chaſe a Change of Colours round the Sky.
'Tis all one Bluſh from Eaſt to Weſt! and now,
Behind the dusky Earth, He dips his Orb,
Now half immers'd, and now a golden Curve
Gives one faint Glimmer, and then diſappears.

PASSES the Day illuſive, and perplext,
As fleets the Viſion o'er the formful Brain,
This Moment hurrying all th'impaſſion'd Soul,
The next in Nothing loſt; 'tis ſo to Him,
The Dreamer of this Earth, a chearleſs Blank!
A Sight of Horror! to th'ungodly Wretch,
The Hard, the Lewd, the Cruel, and the Falſe,
Who, all Day long, have made the Widow weep,
And ſnatch'd the Morſel from her Orphan's Mouth,
To give their Dogs: but to th'harmonious Mind,

Who makes the hopeleſs Heart to ſing for Joy,
Diffuſing kind Beneficence around
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent Dew,
To Him, the long Review of order'd Life
Is inward Rapture, only to be felt!

Confess'd, from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd Clouds,
The Sky begreying, ſober *Evening* takes
Her wonted Station in the middle Air,
A thouſand *Shadows* at her Beck. Firſt *This*
She ſends on Earth; then *That* of deeper Die
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *Deeper* ſtill,
In well-adjuſted Circles, gathers round,
To cloſe the Face of Things. Th'expected Breeze
Begins to wave the Wood, and ſtir the Stream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy Guſt the Fields of Corn,

While

While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.

WILD-WAFTING o'er the Lawn, the thiſtly Down
Plays in the fickle Air, now ſeems to fall,
And now, high-ſoaring over Head, an Arch,
Amuſive, forms, then ſlanting down eludes
The Graſp of idle Swain. But ſhould the *Weſt*
A little ſwell the Breeze, the woolly Shower,
Blown, in a white Confuſion, thro' the Dusk,
Falls o'er the Face unfelt, and, ſettling ſlow,
Mantles the Twilight Plain. And yet even here,
As thro' all Nature, in her loweſt Forms,
A fine Contrivance lies, to wing the Seed,
By this light Plumage, into diſtant Vales.

HIS folded Flock ſecure, the Shepherd Home
Hies

Hies, merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail,
- *The Beauty*, whom perhaps his witleſs Heart,
Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguiſh means,
Loves fond, by that ſincereſt Language, ſhown,
Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds.
Onward They paſs, o'er many a panting Height,
And Valley ſunk, and unfrequented, where,
At Fall of Eve, *the Fairy People* throng,
In various Game, and Revelry to paſs
A Summer-Night, as village Stories tell.
But far about They wander from the Grave
Of Him, whom his ungentle Fortune forc'd,
Againſt Himſelf, to lift the hated Hand
Of Violence; by Man caſt out from Life,
And, after Death, to which They drove his Hope

Into

Into the broad Way ſide. The ruin'd Tower
Is alſo ſhun'd, whoſe unbleſt Chambers hold,
Nightly, ſole Habitant, the yelling *Ghoſt*.

STRUCK from the Roots of ſlimy Ruſhes, blue,
The Wild-Fire ſcatters round, or, gather'd, trails
A Length of Flame, deceitful, o'er the *Moſs*,
Whither, entangled in the Maze of Night,
While the *damp Deſart* breathes his Fogs around,
The Traveller, decoy'd, is quite abſorpt,
Rider and Horſe, into the miry Gulph,
Leaving his Wife, and Family involv'd
In ſorrowful Conjecture. Other Times,
Sent by the quick-ey'd *Angel* of the Night,
Innoxious, on th'unſtartling Horſes Mane,
The *Meteor* ſits, and ſhows the narrow Path,

That,

That, winding, leads thro' Pits of Death, or elſe
Directs Him how to take the dangerous Ford.

AMONG the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,
The Glow-worm lights his Lamp, and, thro' the Dark,
Twinkles a moving Gem. On *Evening*'s Heel,
Night follows faſt; not in her Winter-Robe,
Of maſſy, ſtygian Woof, but looſe array'd,
In Mantle dun. A few erroneous Rays,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
Fling half an Image on the ſtraining Eye.
While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
And Rocks, and Mountain-Tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending Gleam, are all one ſwimming Scene,
Doubtful if ſeen; whence poſting *Viſion* turns

To Heaven, where *Venus*, in the ſtarry Front,
Shines eminent, and from her genial Riſe,
When Day-Light ſickens, till it ſprings afreſh,
Sheds Influence on Earth, to Love, and Life,
And every Form of Vegetation kind.
As thus, *th'Effulgence* tremulous, I drink,
With fix'd Peruſe, the lambent Lightnings ſhoot
A-croſs the Sky, or, horizontal, dart
O'er half the Nations, in a Minute's Space,
Conglob'd, or long. Aſtoniſhment ſucceeds,
And Silence, ere the various Talk begins.

THAT Inſtant, flaſhing, noiſeleſs, from the North,
A thouſand Meteors ſtream, enſweeping firſt
The lower Skies, then, all at once, converge
High to the Crown of Heaven, and, all at once,

Relapſing quick, as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All Æther courſing in a Maze of Light.

FROM Eye to Eye, contagious, thro' the Crowd,
The *Pannic* runs, and into wonderous Shapes
Th'Appearance throws: Armies in meet Array,
Throng with aerial Spears, and Steeds of Fire;
Till, the long Lines of full-extended War
In bleeding Fight commixt, the ſanguine Flood
Rowls a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven.

AS the mad People ſcan the fancy'd Scene,
On all Sides ſwells the ſuperſtitious Din,
Incontinent, and buſy *Frenzy* talks
Of Blood, and Battle; Cities over-turn'd,

And, late at Night, in ſwallowing Earthquake ſunk,
Or painted hideous with aſcending Flame;
Of Blights, that blacken the white-boſom'd *Spring*,
And Tempeſt, ſhaking *Autumn* into Chaff,
Till *Famine*, empty-handed, ſtarves the Year;
Of Peſtilence, and every great Diſtreſs,
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling *Fate* has ſtruck
Th'unalterable Hour: even *Nature's Self*
Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.

NOT ſo the Man of *Philoſophic* Eye,
And Inſpect ſage, *the waving Brightneſs*, He,
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The Cauſes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

WITH *Thee*, ſerene PHILOSOPHY! with *Thee!*
And thy high Praiſes, let me crown my Song!
Effuſive Source of Evidence, and Truth!
A Luſtre ſhedding o'er th'ennobl'd Mind,
Stronger than Summer-Noon, and pure as that,
Which gently vibrates on the Eye of Saint,
New to the Dawning of cœleſtial Day.
Hence, thro' her nouriſh'd Powers, enlarg'd by *Thee*,
She, ſoaring, ſpurns, with elevated Pride,
The tangling Maſs of Cares, and low Deſires,
That bind the fluttering Crowd, and, Angel-wing'd,
The Heights of Science, and of Vertue gains,
Where all is calm, and bright! with Nature round
Or in the ſtarry Regions, or th'Abyſs,
To *Reaſon*'s, and to *Fancy*'s Eye diſplay'd;
The *Firſt* up-tracing, from *the vaſt Inane*,

The

The Chain of Cauſes, and Effects to HIM,
WHO, abſolutely, in HIMSELF, alone,
Poſſeſſes *Being*; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole Magnificence of Heaven, and Earth,
And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier Senſe,
A World ſwift-painted, on th'attentive Mind!

TUTOR'D by *Thee*, hence POETRY exalts
Her Voice to Ages, and informs the Page
With Muſic, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
Never to die! the Treaſure of Mankind,
Their higheſt Honour, and their trueſt Joy!

WITHOUT *Thee*, what were unaſſiſted Man!
A Savage roaming thro' the Woods and Wilds,

In Queſt of Prey, and with th'unfaſhion'd Furr,
Rough-clad, devoid of every honeſt Art,
And Elegance of Life. Nor Home, nor Joy
Domeſtick, mix'd of Tenderneſs and Care,
Nor moral Excellence, nor ſocial Bliſs,
Nor Law were his; nor Property, nor Swain
To turn the Furrow, nor mechanic Hand
Harden'd to Toil, nor Servant prompt, nor *Trade*
Mother ſevere of infinite Delights!
Nothing ſave Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
And Woes on Woes, to render human Life
Than Non-Exiſtence worſe. But taught by *Thee*
Ours are the Arts of Policy, and Peace,
To live like Brothers, and, conjunctive, all
Embelliſh Life. While thus laborious Crowds
Ply the tough Oar, PHILOSOPHY directs,

Star-

Star-led, the Helm; or like the liberal Breath
Of urgent Heaven, inviſible, the Sails
Swells out, and bears th'inferior World along.

NOR, to this evaneſcent Speck of Earth,
Poorly confin'd, thoſe radiant Tracts on high
Are *her* exalted Range; intent, to gaze
Creation thro', and, from that *round Complex*
Of never-ceaſing Wonders, to conceive
Of THE SOLE BEING right, WHO ſpoke the Word,—
And Nature circled. With inflected View,
Thence, on *th'Ideal Kingdom*, ſwift, ſhe turns
Her Eye; and inſtant, at her virtual Glance,
Th'obedient Phantoms vaniſh, and appear,
Compound, divide, and into Order ſhift,
Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up

To Notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
Immediate, and unmix'd—but here the Cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, ſits deep.
Enough for Us we know, that this dark State,
In wayward Paſſions loſt, and vain Purſuits,
This Infancy of Being! cannot prove
The final Iſſue of the Works of GOD,
By *Love*, and *Wiſdom*, inexpreſſive, form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing Mind.

THE END.

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